

For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhoea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

**SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.** Bad Breath, Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally constipated, sometimes alternating with laxity; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having undergone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning; sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and dependent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it; light, distressing, every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively diseased.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

**Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities,** by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Dropsical, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, or if you are after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

**Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!**

For, wherever the illness may be, a thoroughly safe, purgative, safe, and sure, never to be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

**IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE.** And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

**A Governor's Testimony.** Simmons' Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some years, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical cabinet.

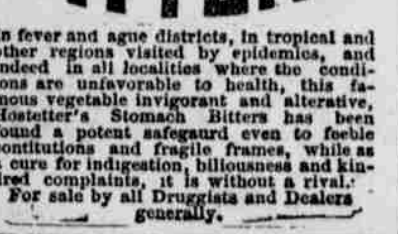
**Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga.,** says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only thing that never fails to relieve,"—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection, and I have never found anything to benefit me so much as Simmons' Liver Regulator. I sent from Mississippi to Georgia for it, and would send it to any one who would give it a trial, and would advise all who are similarly afflicted to try it, as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

**P. M. JAMES, Minneapolis, Minn.** Dr. T. W. W. says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

**Dr. J. M. ZIEGLER, of Mo.,** says: Take only the Genuine, which always has on the wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. M. ZIEGLER & CO.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



In fever and ague districts, in tropical and other regions visited by cholera, and indeed in all localities where the conditions are unfavorable to health, this famous vegetable laxative and alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been found a potent safeguard even to the constitutionally weak and delicate, while as a cure for indigestion, biliousness and kindred complaints, it is without a rival.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

**THE BEST OF ALL LINIMENTS FOR MAN AND BEAST.**

For more than a third of a century the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known to millions all over the world as the only safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other forms of external pain.

**MEXICAN LINIMENT** is without an equal. It penetrates flesh and muscle to the very bone-molding the contents of pain and inflammation impossible. Its effects upon Human Flesh and the Brute Creation are equally wonderful.

**MUSTANG LINIMENT** is needed by everybody in every house. Every day brings news of the agony of an awful scald or burn, of rheumatism, of neuralgia, of the Brute Creation are equally wonderful.

**LINIMENT** which speedily cures such ailments as the RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, STIFF JOINTS, CONTRACTED MUSCLES, BURNS, SCALDS, Cuts, Sprains, and all other forms of external pain.

For the BRUISED OR SWOLLEN JOINTS, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Sprains, and all other forms of external pain.

**LINIMENT** which speedily cures such ailments as the RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, STIFF JOINTS, CONTRACTED MUSCLES, BURNS, SCALDS, Cuts, Sprains, and all other forms of external pain.

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# THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

VOL. VIII.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1883.

NO. 10.

BUY YOUR SCHOOL SUPPLIES

J. D. BABBAGE.

## EXPOSITION!

When in at the Exposition we shall be pleased to have you call and look through our immense establishment, the largest of its kind under one management in this part of the country. Our entire store, 55 feet front by an average depth of 150 feet, and three floors, are full of all the choicest goods, both imported and American make, and every dollar's worth being purchased for cash direct from first hands, gives us the inside track.

All of our Men's Clothing, Boys' Clothing, Children's Clothing, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps, we retail at wholesale prices. This gives customers a great advantage in buying their goods from us. We sell a single article at the same price that smaller concerns pay for theirs. This gives customers an advantage of 25 per cent. on the dollar. At the same time we give you an immense stock to select from.

Parties attending the Exposition living long distances in the country, and not coming to the city again this season, should come prepared to buy what they want for themselves or boys, for the winter wear, as every dollar saved is good as a dollar earned. With us you get no old goods, as we close out every dollar's worth of goods at the end of every season. So govern yourselves accordingly. All our goods are marked in plain figures and sold to every one at the same price. To any party purchasing from us during their visit here, who are not satisfied after returning home, their money will be refunded on return of the goods. So you run no risk in buying from us.

**MAMMOTH CLOTHING, HAT AND CAP HOUSE!**  
**"TOWER PALACE,"**  
424 TO 430 W. MARKET ST., BET. 4th AND 5th STS., LOUISVILLE, KY.  
**KLEINHANS & SIMONSON.**

Malvesta lived to be eighty, and Ordeh and his companions were almost gray before their hopes were realized to see the fair Geneva a widow.

Francesca redeemed her father from bondage and returned to his castle. Her life was unblemished and blackened, and she died unmourned in cloistered darkness.

**YELLOW FEVER IN MEXICO.**  
People Dying By Scores, and Sometimes Buried Before Death—The Inhabitants Fleeing to the Mountains.

GUAYMAS, MEX., September 17.—It is now clearly established that the disease raging here is yellow fever. All who can are fleeing from the city. The medical corps is being reinforced as rapidly as possible. Twelve of the lately arrived army troops have died, and eighteen deaths were reported yesterday, with many others not reported. The streets are almost deserted, the only sounds heard being the rumbling of the death cart. The board of health has issued orders that dead bodies shall be immediately removed and buried.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 17.—A party of twelve Americans, who fled from Guaymas, arrived last night, and said the people were leaving that city by hundreds. There was hardly a house but contained some victim of the fever. The authorities had given over the work of burying the dead to a pack of Hired Indians, who went from house to house carrying the bodies of those they supposed to be dead or dying. The bodies are buried so rapidly that mistakes have occurred, many being put under ground while still living. This is mainly due to the disease, which at a favorable turning point leaves the patient in a comatose state, mistaken by the Indian undertakers as death. The whole city is panic stricken, and the merchants have closed their stores and nailed up their doors. The restaurants are all closed and no assistance is obtainable. Reports from Hermosillo state that the fever is raging there. At Mazatlan it is even more frightful than at Guaymas. All who could were leaving for the mountains, carrying off what bedding they could pack, and a little food.

**DUTCH CHARLEY'S STORY.**  
Informing the Missouri State Treasurer of a Plot to Rob the Treasury.

St. Louis, Sept. 17.—A story comes from Jefferson City to the effect that early on Saturday last a man about 50 years of age, who represented himself as an ex-convict, called on State Treasurer Chappell at his residence, and after exercising a promise of secrecy and protection, told him that he and four other men had perfected a plan to rob the state treasury, and that at noon on Tuesday, the 18th, they intended to enter the treasury, capture and gag all present, and rob the vaults of the money and bonds. He had concluded that the job was too risky, and determined to give the gang away. Mr. Chappell questioned the man closely, and found him well informed regarding the interior arrangements of the treasury's office. A number of persons are likely to be present at the hour set for the robbery. After making an appointment for another interview with the man at 8 o'clock in the evening, Mr. Chappell went to his office, informed his chief clerk of what had happened, and then laid the matter before Deputy Warden Bradbury of the penitentiary, who quickly recognized the man as the notorious crook, Dutch Charley, who has served several terms in the Missouri and other penitentiaries. The man failed to keep his appointment with the treasurer, and the question among officials now is whether he was hoaxing Mr. Chappell or there was really a plan to rob the treasury.

Thursday was Kentucky Day at the "Ex."

"Pap, what's the meenin' of the word 'giddy'?" "Giddy!"—(George Dittoe.)

**Holsteins for Butter.**  
Farmers' Home Journal.

The unparalleled record of ninety-nine pounds, six and a half ounces of unsalted butter in thirty days made by the Holstein cow, Mercedes, (723, H. H. B.), sticks another feather, and a big feather, in the cap of the Holsteins. That a cow could make so much butter in that length of time, so many, seems incredible, but her record can not be impeached. She is the property of a gentleman above suspicion, and the cow's test was made in competing for the gold challenge cup offered for the largest quantity of butter in thirty consecutive days, open to all breeds. The report of the trial of this animal was made under oath. It demonstrates the capabilities of the breed in that direction. This cow, he remembered, is not the only Holstein with a large butter record to her credit; in fact, they are not prepared to lower their colors to any dairy strain on this score. It is claimed by their breeders, and on tenable grounds, that they will make more butter in a month or year than any other family of cattle. In connection with the trial of Mercedes, there is another point which should impress itself on the mind of those interested in such matters. She averaged over eighty-one pounds of milk per day—enough after being skimmed to feed three calves, to fatten three or four hogs, or to make a large quantity of cheese. The yields of this cow are not to be called exceptions, on the contrary, the rule of the breed is immense returns at the pail. Nor yet are the capabilities of the Holstein race exhausted. Their performances in the dairy line are a part only, not the whole of their invaluable merit. As an evidence of the confidence their breeders hold of successfully competing with the Shortborns and other beef strains on the block, the Holstein Breeders' Association have offered special premiums for their pure-bred cattle exhibited at the Sixth Annual Fat-Stock Show to be held in Chicago November next. There is no other race of cattle in whose favor so many strong arguments can be advanced, and one of the most cogent is, that the thrifty Dutch farmer, proverbial for his shrewdness, rejects all other breeds for his magnificent black and white. He tests the relative value of the different strains in the most practical manner, and is satisfied that his stock, considered from all points, cannot be surpassed by any existing race.

Until recently the breeders of Holsteins in this country have failed to place their cattle before the public in the same aggressive manner employed by breeders of other strains, consequently the farmer has been vacillating between the Shortborns and Jerseys, never dreaming there was a breed combining the merits of both, and more, for the huge milk yield of the Holsteins is no item to be ignored where calves and hogs are fed. But now new methods prevail, the Dutch cattle are becoming more widely known, and from all quarters a demand has sprung up that exceeds the supply. Stimulated by this demand, fresh importations are arriving, and we find many of the flowers of the Holland herds transferred to this country.

A few of the Holstein butter records will afford information to the uninformed:

	1882.	1883.
Mercedes.....	99 1/2	99 1/2
".....	99 1/2	99 1/2
Janek.....	99 1/2	99 1/2
Elton.....	99 1/2	99 1/2
Lady Walworth.....	99 1/2	99 1/2
Violet.....	99 1/2	99 1/2
Zwart.....	99 1/2	99 1/2
Netherland Queen.....	99 1/2	99 1/2
Argie.....	99 1/2	99 1/2

Query—Can the farmer or dairyman afford to handle any other strains?

J. W. S. Jr.  
"Pap, what's the meenin' of the word 'giddy'?" "Giddy!"—(George Dittoe.)

**THIS AND THAT PARAGRAPHS.**  
Donald Padman in the Courier-Journal.

As Senator Logan has declined the second place on the republican ticket, the eye of the country is gradually turning to Prof. Wiggins.

The costume of the Annamites is said to defy all attempts of a stranger to discover the sex of the wearers. Only the native maskers make any headway in Annam.

A proof reader who saw, at the Exposition, an invitation to "business men" to register, says: "A man with an 'i' to business should see that it never gets on the wrong side of the 'a'."

If a man in Pennsylvania says, "This is my wife," the law considers him married. This announcement goes far to explain the cautious reticence peculiar to Pennsylvania men.

An aged physician, who practiced much among the ladies, made a large fortune. It was his custom to say to every feminine patient, "Show me your tongue, honey! There, that will do, dear! You will be well in a week, thank God, my dear!"

The prince of Montenegro allows no man in his domain to be addressed by any higher title than "Mr.," no matter what office the "Mr." may hold. He is determined that no stranger shall discover any thing American in his part of the world.

The sheriff's tax card he put in the form of a poem, and perhaps the city tax collector, next winter, may give us something equally as fine. Though 1883 does not rhyme well with 1883, the rest of the poetry is no slouch:

"Your state and county taxes for 1883 Have been due since June 1, 1883. Please call and pay Without delay."

Wendell Phillips beautifully says: "I distrust and despise the republicans as hypocrites and time-servers, as double dealers, as soulless carions, masquerading in the grave clothes of their honored predecessors. They have no right to seek their candidates among the high-minded and preferable. Let them choose a fitting leader from among the Tewksbury marshes, the peddlers of poor men's bones."

An anxious father consulted a seer to find out if possible the destiny of his three boys. To his great dismay the man of knowledge declared: "One will be a murderer, another a falsifier, and the third a pauper living on the town." As the good father began to bewail his lot, the seer added: "Do not mourn; those are the common lots of men. Your first son will be a doctor, the second a lawyer, and the third a country clergyman."

The pretty nurse girls are rebellious in their minds at having to wear the grandmother caps with which they have been decorated by their aristocratic employers. The pretty nurse girl will have to accustom herself to the ways of the American aristocracy, if she is to get on. She ought to thank her stars that she was not born a man, to drive up to the dry goods stores in the horrible livery of a coachman. The pretty nurse girl may marry rich some day, and then she herself can have a pretty nurse town to paralyze poor folk with her gorgeous magnificence.

The Bowling Green Gazette says a thief entered the bed-room of Mr. H. C. Batts, editor of the Democrat, and abstracted \$8.05 from his pocket. The statement is not worthy of credence from the fact that an editor was never known to have that much money about him at one time.—[South Kentuckian.]

The oldest member of the Legion of Honor, Pierre Jean, died lately, aged 94. He was in the retreat from Moscow and at Waterloo.

### A MERE OUTLINE.

BY J. W. RILEY.

Ah, help me! but her face and brow Were lovelier than lilies are. Beneath the light of moon and star That smile as they are smiling now— White lilies in a pallid swoon. Of sweetest white beneath the moon; White lilies in a field of light, Pure lustrous of liquid light. That overflows some night of June, When all the stars are shrouded. Blooms like a dawning daisy-bed, So marvelous her face and brow, Their beauty blinds my fancy now.

### THE FOOL'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER X.

Although the burning eyes of Maguelona had pierced Torelli to the quick, the death of his master had made him forget the incident, and nobody else had the least care for the gypsy girl. She herself seemed to have become oblivious even of her passion for the poet; and traversing the seething populace with a fixed expression, she went to the tower where she passed the night.

It was warm and serene, the thin crescent of Diana gave out no more light than a lamp of a sick nurse, but it was not required; for cresset, bonfire and flambeaux glared and flickered all over the menaced town. The gypsy, in accordance with some Oriental funeral usage, more or less akin to the fire worshipers, had carried the remains of her brother up to the very top of the tower. On the leads, she laid it out with the head so placed as to catch the very first gleams of the sun through the largest gap in the crenellation.

After midnight, she was yet praying. When she ceased, she turned toward the town, and gazed with the sight of an eagle, rather, than of a pythoness, at the gate-tower, whence she saw issue that little train in the midst of which was Fiorelisa guarded by her father and her lover. Maguelona blew a kiss of love and forgiveness, and sang to the bats that circled round and round the minaret some yards beneath her a song of Dell' Aquila's, whose entire repertory she seemed to have possessed.

She gazed after the little group until it was, all too soon, blended indistinguishably with the Lombardy poplars barring the meadows, where the velvet grass was covered with a dewy haze. Then, heaving a deep sigh, she again overhung the town as it she bore some charm against vertigo, and denounced in unmeasured invectives like a new Cassandra. But she was too loftily placed for her shrieks to be understood, and few who heard them, perhaps, took them to be of human origin. Any one who might have vaguely discerned her, waving her golden bronze arms and her disheveled blue-black hair, coarse as a horse's mane, on the edge of the battlements, would have taken the agitated limbs and the streaming tresses for portion of the bravo's carcass being fought for among the crows.

Another hour passed whilst Maguelona, her mourning over, her regret for the love that had vanished, vanished with its object and her exasperation against "the house-dwellers" exhausted in threats, perambulated the roof like a fisherman on his circumscribed deck, turning round and round in a circle, with the dead body as the center, like a witch in her ring.

At length she stopped short and scanned the horizon; far and away her vision, accustomed to the open air at all hours, beheld nothing definite, but a species of undulation of the streak of vapor, which would turn into a roseate tinge when the dawn arose.

"Men in a mass! Oh, the army! The army that is coming to grind these murderers into dust!" she whooped with glee. She examined with a general's eye the preparations for defense. The walls were being strengthened, the guards doubled at the weak points, the most flooded, and all other movements betokening no absence of precautions. Under her view, however, the canal being deep and broad, that alone was trusted to, and the Beggar's Quarter was contemptuously deserted.

An infernal idea flashed into her brain as still that lengthy serpent vibrated on the joining line of earth and sky. If she could but have made that tower topple over as one piece by her weight and that of her lifeless brother, it would have not only dammed the canal, but smashed the wall, and formed a bridge for the ingress of the hostile column.

But even her infuriated arms could have made but little progress in undermining so ponderous a structure; and she shook her head sorrowfully. But still her wish wrestled with her reason, and, hesitating while urged on, she descended the solitary stairs, proof against that error which should have arisen in her brain, for no one was better cognizant of how many sanguinary misdeeds had there been enacted. As she went by the nooks and crannies where, in the rainy year, the vagrants huddled and slumbered a night after debauches, she sighed with vexation that they were not present to aid her in vengeance, and to profit by the assault to plunder the houses quitted by the fighting citizens. The latter inducement would probably have been the stronger, without any desire, he it understood, to slander the worthy members of the cadging fraternity in their regrettable absence.

Like an eager architect who is charged to "sound" an old building and decide whether it is to be demolished or not, Maguelona, armed with her brother's sword, probed the cement and stones of the vault, all in the dark, though certainly, treading on the clay, in which were imbedded the bones of the bravo's and the vagrants' victims, remorse, if not afraid, should have paralyzed her hand. But her sole emotion was one of disappointment as she found the stones merely honey-combed on the surface, and the good old mortar even harder than them, so well worked the immediate successors of the Roman mason.

At length she paused. To cleave even one of these columns would be a day's work for a man. She was about to mount, when starting her heart and causing it to bound with horrible apprehension, she heard, as it were, at her elbow, on the side toward the hunchback's abandoned dwelling, a knocking on the wall.

"What can it be?" she muttered, recovering her breath and some calmness, while her grip tightened on the long sword handle afresh. "Surely I saw the jester leave the town with his daughter—and him! Methought his house untenanted!"

Now this identical idea had struck the most illustrious Signor Baldassare Torelli some hours previously.

There also was revived that pleasurable titillation of the sweet wine he had begun to drink in Bertuccio's retreat, spite of the imminence of an interruption from Senor Saltabadi. And when the hunchback departed, too hurriedly and too full of gratitude at his daughter's restoration, to rack of worldly goods, the greedy noble, shrewdly avoiding being pressed into active military service by either my lady or her enemies, crept through the town, and arrived at midnight in the ward where he had enjoyed enough adventures to surfeit a hero of chivalry.

All was so tranquil that Torelli began to strut valiantly. The burst door, just as a bravo had left it, with the ladder that forced it, half in and as much out, yawned invitingly. Albeit all was darkness within, the adventurer remembered enough of the way to steal up into the room whence Serafino had led Fiorelisa, and whence Maguelona had been abducted in error for the young damsel. By the star-light he also found the silver lamp, and, relying on the abstraction of the pugnacious city as regarded that poor dwelling, boldly rapped out some sparks off the stone window sill with his dagger knob, upon the wick, and set it ablazing.

It is but justice to the vintner of Bertuccio to confess that the self-invited guest's first attention was paid to that soft, sugary wine again. He sat himself on the bed to discuss it, with his feet on a chair, talking and singing to himself, as the good fellow will do who has to imagine the fourposts of a bed-room companions.

"Now, I call this life amid the living," said he, "that is, it soon will be, for I take it, that when I shall have made a pretty parcel of such plate as this lamp, and of the other valuables which my vitriolic friend the buffoon transferred to his coffers from the late Duke's treasury, and converted them into coin at some conscientious Jew's in Genoa, I may purchase me a summer-house afar from stormy showers, and swear and pay roundly at and for everybody and thing I employ." Here his tongue became entangled, and a sad tear bleared his eye; the second bottle was empty, and heaven knows that the bottle-blower of Torelli's age was a simple dolt, who had not half a premonition of how little a pint flask may be ingeniously manipulated to hold.

"I fear me," said he, rising by the direct result of the summary process of kicking away the chair, which, nothing being left under his boots, allowed him to slide to the floor. "I fear me," he repeated, wagging his head sagely, "that dishonest fellows may see this light from without, and the evil notions may infect them that the house of my dear friend ought to be pillaged. It is my duty, therefore," he added, overcoming a muddled prompting to throw the lamp in his belt and hold up his sword for an illumination, "to pack up my dear friend's portable property and place it in security—I mean, as security for a loan at the hands of Messires Judas and Barabab."

Upon which virtuous resolve, he searched the room, stuffing every little trinket into his pockets—those famous portmanteau-like pockets of his contemporaries, would contain prayer books, wine bottles, fruit, music sheets, "The Complete Courtier," "The Wholesome and Eke most Malicious of Jest Books" and other necessary concomitants of the gallant, separately or all together, so capacious were they. Then he descended, and poked about the lower apartments. These cleared out, he went to the upper rooms, his brain, somewhat cooler from the damp of the lower stratum, and his palate, getting dry, alike turned to thoughts of refreshment, and the faces of the men that the jester would have buried his savings under a wine butt for headstone, thus combining, for him, the altar of Cupidity and that of Bacchus in one spot. Torelli valorously stumbled down the cellar stairs.

His stirring of the close air sent a chilling current upon him which clung, and set him a-shuddering. But as his gaze at the same moment, fell upon two or three large casks, prettily interspersed with cobwebbed kegs, and several of those pretty wickered jars, whose rounded, softly mellowed mandarin remind one of a terra-cotta mandarin in complacent repose after a copious bird's nest soup and custards, he overcame the oppression. His tongue, no longer dry, danced around his lips, and putting the lamp on a barrel, he converted his sword into an auger and bored briskly at the largest cask. Out spouted a rich liquid ruby, which ran up to his sword, and, countering the guard, spurted into his face

As a drop or two coursed down his cheek, he caught the savor—it was a wine to which that which had been his ecstasy was but bilge water.

It fired him. In two draughts out of a blackjack, against which his toe ran in his darting forward not to waste the precious juice, and which he quickly filled, he felt like a Paladin—he was melodious, and chanted to make Serafino green with envy—he was predatory as Alexander, and cried out for a world to conquer.

In an interval in his Bacchic enthusiasm he remembered the gold. Verily, there was a patch on the wall of newer masonry than the rest. Bertuccio had a niche in the cellar beyond. A huge mallet, such as a giant cooper might have used to "spring" the bung of the Heidelberg Tun, lay on a cask, "the handle toward his hand." He sprang on it, and commenced to belabor the wall. To his amazement a square before him fell away like a door, which it was, in sooth, and a long passage opened before him, into which he nearly fell at the cessation of resistance.

"I am in the right path," muttered he, only hanging back for another draught of the nectar. "O Baldassare, you will die in a rich man's skin! The owner of such delicious wine must be master of a prodigious treasure."

Brandishing the mallet as if it were a mullet-stalk, he marched into the dark chasm, and when he came to a second passage, he thundered there again. All he had ever read of knights invading an enchanted castle served his arm, and whilst he dented the stones with those ponderous blows which had started Maguelona on the other side of it, he hummed to himself the speech he would deliver to the peerless princess on a throne of gold and gems, whom he expected to see.

Alas! when he had perforated the old wall, which split open abruptly, there appeared to him, in the dim ray of his lamp, attenuated by its tiresome passage along that corridor, the dark and threatening figure of the gypsy.

With murmured thanks to that patron fiend at whose feet he had first seen her praying, she recognized the courier, dashed through the hole like a wild cat, and, as he retreated, letting fall the mallet, followed him step by step, the long sword of the bravo, which he knew very well again, flaring in his appalled eyes. At the wine cellar his heels were checked by the rubbish.

"Thou hast slain my brother, and by his own brave blade thou diest!" she hissed; her words carried to him instantly by a strong blast which, entering at the tower-door and bearing the cry of the watchman who beheld the Milanese army surge up to the aurora gleams on the plain, rushed through the underground and on, on into the hunchback's dwelling.

That draught beat the flame of the lamp down upon the cask where it rested; a few grains of the cask powder besprinkling the head, were fired; their sparks ignited the crust around the stopper—and, with the exultant shriek of the liberated genius, the whole barrel of powder flashed up and burst into a vast flame which kindled sundry other stores into a second and enormous explosion.

Gypsy, gallant, casks, stones, beams, all as straws in a whirlwind, the garden opened and when the gap closed, the lone house was engulfed. In the hollow under the tower, a myriad of fiends seemed tearing at the foundations. All eyes in the town and of the advancing enemy were riveted on that tall pile upon which a column of fire was seen to run, illuminating each loophole like a furnace door; it lifted the roof as one piece in its lead, and on that bed of the body of the bravo was wafted to a distance—"gone," said the old chronicler, "like the remains of his sister and Torelli, as if it had never been." Then the great, black giant, groaning and creaking, executed a sort of half-wheel as its supports split asunder, and falling toward the water way, as in a tardy but complete obedience to Maguelona's wish, spanned the canal, filled it up and smashed the wall like a coconut under an overthrown palm tree.

The Milanese waved their banners, changed their swords, and ran, better skelter, horse and footmen intermingled, over this improvised bridge.

Thus took they the City of Faenza.

But the surprised people, who were attached to their late master and regarded the princess with horror, refused to accept the defeat as final. They appealed to the farmers and laborers and reversed the action by driving out the garrison, and making Benivoglio a captive. The Milanese commander they slew. Thereupon Auttoli at the late court, unmasked himself as an astute politician. The Faenzaese implored him to obtain the protection of his powerful Republic. He very well knew that Manfredi had sought to sell his dukedom to the Venetians, so he immediately promised their assistance, and signaled his friends at Sarzano, who marched an army thence under Ruanccio Parnese. A government was constituted of eight Lamone Valley farmers and as many Faenza citizens, one of whom was our poet Dell' Aquila as secretary, and they governed as a regency for the young son of their late lord.

Peace reigned on the Lamone, and Serafino and Fiorelisa could be wedded without misgivings. The Hermitage of the Ravenna hill received the jester, and in due time he might have become head of the fraternity, but he chafed such vanity, and when he came to the palace to see his daughter, he was ever a humble monk and a penitent man, for he confessed to his superior that he had stored his vault with gunpowder and furnished it with the most luscious wines, in order to tempt the Duke and his parasites thither, and while cloying themselves with the one, send them to digest it with Pluto with the explosion of the other mighty compound.